

A.

O'KEEFE

17523

Agreeable Surprise

Comic Opera in two acts

By
John O'Keefe

1796







R. Cruikshank, Del.

G. W. Bonner, Sc.

The Agreeable Surprise.

Lingo. My sweet Cowslip—properly called Cowslip !

Act I. Scene 1.

THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE :

A COMIC OPERA,

In Two Acts,

BY JOHN O'KEEFFE,

*Author of The Poor Soldier, The Highland Reel, Wild Oats, Love in a Camp,
The Prisoner at Large, &c.*

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,
DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE,—AND THE WHOLE OF
THE STAGE BUSINESS,

As now performed at the
THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,
By MR. BONNER, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre by
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

LONDON :

JOHN CUMBERLAND, 2, CUMBERLAND TERRACE,
CAMDEN NEW TOWN.

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REMARKS.

The Agreeable Surprise.

“MR. O’KEEFFE has brought our audiences to bear with extravagance ; and, were there not such irresistible humour in his utmost daring, it would be impossible to deny that he has passed even beyond the *limits* of nonsense—but I confine this approbation to his *Agreeable Surprise*. In his other pieces there is much more untempered nonsense than humour. Even that favourite performance I wondered that Mr. Colman dared to produce.” So says Horace Walpole, a noble author and a lively critic ; whose certainty of success with posterity will rest upon his Letters and his Reminiscences. Yet we would rather be the author of *The Agreeable Surprise*, and other “untempered nonsense” (*Peeping Tom* and *Wild Oats*, to wit !), than “*The Mysterious Mother*,” with all its elaborate elegance and art, which, however, do not mitigate the grossness and horrific impression of the story.

It is difficult to decide what in reality is nonsense.—Each man defines the word according to his own peculiar temperament and views. Ask the Utilitarian, and he will tell you that everything not immediately appertaining to gas, steam, and other scientific discoveries, fully answers to the name. With him, a cotton-mill is a nobler triumph of genius than an epic poem : he conceives that the lamp of knowledge is best employed in illuminating our streets ; while the midnight oil, of which learning in olden time was wont to boast an inordinate consumption, is, like learning itself, grown obsolete and out of fashion. Ask the philosopher, and he will include all that lies beyond the rule of right, and the true fitness of things ; the sectarian, and he will answer, every heresy but his own. Inquire of the political economist, and he will turn to Cocker for a reply ; of the money-grub, and you will have—“A fool and his money are soon parted”—“Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you,” or some such old saw, blurted in your face ;—a plain hint that all that bears not on these

oracles of wisdom is the “ untempered nonsense” which Horace Walpole modestly applies to the mirth-provoking dramas of John O’Keeffe.

Now, as smoke, steam, cotton-spinning, party politics, religious controversy, money-grubbing, and the like, have never been our particular passion, seeing how little they have contributed to the general stock of human happiness, we may be allowed to put in a word in behalf of our especial favourite, broad Farce, which has many a time and oft warmed the cockles of our hearts, and sent us laughing to our beds, after a day of chagrin and disappointment; putting us in better humour with ourselves and with the world; gladdening our dreams with its grotesque images; and scaring away those vultures of the mind—deceit, avarice, and inhumanity, that, after we have made fast the door, and drawn close the curtains, still croak their fatal entrance, clap their wings around us, and disturb our slumbers. How often has that comic meteor, *Lingo’s wig*, danced before our eyes, and his “ *Rorum corum, sunt divorum*,” carolled in our ears, while sight and sound were gradually melting into forgetfulness! The widow Cheshire, a portly ogress, with her two acres of cheeks, and ocean of neck, overflowing and running to *waist*, has, like an unsubstantial vision, faded from our view, only to revisit us in some more whimsical shape, tricked out by “death’s counterfeit,” when he repeats the shadowy drama with all those fanciful additions that Reynolds and Fuseli can alone describe. Laughter, like friendship, is the peculiar boon of heaven; why, therefore, should we stint its enjoyment in legitimate times and seasons?—Shaftsbury, author of the *Characteristics*, was so enamoured of cheerfulness and good-temper, that he terms *gravity* (its counterpart) “the essence of imposture.”

Now, the Agreeable Surprise not only sets gravity at defiance, but makes even mirth distend its physiognomy with a broader grin, so exuberant is its fun. A more comic creation, a more rich current of conceits than Lingo, never issued from the storehouse of modern wit. His pedantry is exquisitely jocose, his misquotations are sublime; his courtship and quarrel with Cowslip have no parallel in farce for quaintness and humour;—his ceremonious attendance on the imaginary princess; his profound reverence; his solemn genuflections; his “Cool!—She wants the Russian stove!”—“You were

wounded in the sword-arm, great Rustifusti!" the episode of shooting the attorney, and his classical invocation on having served wine on his knee to a mighty cheesemonger, are incomparable for their originality and whim.

Major Domo's
A comical homo!

Every hair of his wig offers a subject for ludicrous comment. But, heigho! all is vanity—highly-tightly—*mors janua vitæ*. Nothing is durable. As the Irishman says, we are here to-day and gone yesterday.—

Sic transit gloria mundi!

Bye, bye,
We all must die

On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday,
Sunday, or Monday!

His songs are a chapter of drollery. The late Lord Ellenborough, when Mr. Law, quoted "*Rorum, corum, sunt, divorum*," in derision; but old Nestor Ironsides, Lord Thurlow, espoused the cause of humour and O'Keeffe, by remarking, that Shakspeare put similar choruses into the mouths of his clowns, and that what the learned counsel might think *nonsense* was in fact *character*. If we were inclined to test the two extremes, and try how far merriment could go, and gravity be maintained, we would command the representation of The Agreeable Surprise, and the man who withstood *Lingo* should be pronounced an exception to his species, and be privileged to look glum all his life after.

The rare merit of Edwin gave this farce extraordinary popularity. His appearance in *Pontificalibus* was a perfect picture. In the very important article of *dress*, Edwin was exact in the extreme. He looked minutely into nature before he chose his habiliments, and was indebted for a material part of his success to his practical wisdom in that measure. He was of opinion, that a judicious presentation of the figure to the public eye was almost as indispensable as the first blow in a battle. His *wiggery* (and in this he was emulated by Dicky Suett), it is said, cost him more than a hundred pounds; and he could boast of having perukes in his collection which had decorated the heads of monarchs, judges, aldermen, philosophers, sailors jockies, beaus, thieves,

tailors, tinkers, and haberdashers! His *Lingo wig* has been the pattern of all succeeding wigs that have surmounted the pericranium of that immortal pedagogue. His portrait by Alefounder, in his favourite character, is one of the finest transcripts of the *vis-comica* in existence, and may fairly rank with Garrick in *Abel Drugger*, by Zoffani. Other pictures associate him with Mrs. Wells, the original *Cowslip*, a beautiful woman and a charming actress. Among the great parts of this wonderful comedian were, Sir Hugh Evans, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; Francis, in *The Second Part of Henry the Fourth*; Bullock, in *the Recruiting Officer*; Jacob, in *The Chapter of Accidents*; Gregory Gubbins, in *The Battle of Hexham*; Tipple, in *The Flitch of Bacon*; Midas, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Peeping Tom, Darby, Muns, Bowkitt, Trudge, and Lingo!

Bannister was highly relished by those who remembered even the *original*. What a glorious Lingo was Jack Bannister! Expression, attitude, dress, every requisite to perfect a comic actor, were marshalled forth, and a rare merry muster-roll were they! Second to Bannister was Mathews, whose admirable tricks of humour rendered the learned butler one of his most effective performances. Harley, who has a smack of *both* his brother comedians, could scarcely fail. He entered with joyous spirit into the waggery and wig, and, as usual, had our laughter for his reward. Mrs. Gibbs is by far the best *Cowslip* of her day.

 D.—G

Costume.

SIR FELIX FRIENDLY.—Drab-coloured silk coat and breeches—flowered silk waistcoat—white silk stockings—cravat—ruffles.

COMPTON.—A sea-captain's uniform, hat, &c.

EUGENE.—Snuff-coloured coat—white waistcoat—nankeen trousers.

CHICANE.—A suit of black—bob wig—little hat—riding-boots.

THOMAS.—Brown livery coat—red cuffs and collar—black velvet breeches—white stockings.

JOHN.—Ibid.

CUDDEN.—Smock frock—leather breeches—blue stockings—countryman's hat.

STUMP.—Gray frock coat—coloured waistcoat—leather breeches and gaiters—farmer's hat.

LINGO.—Black clerical coat, waistcoat, and breeches—coloured striped stockings—shoes and buckles—cravat—large bushy wig.

MRS. CHESHIRE.—Large dark riding-habit—man's hat and feathers—green veil.

COWSLIP.—Flowered muslin gown—white apron—red petticoat—kerchief—mob cap—straw hat—black shoes and mittens.

FRINGE.—Pink gown—French apron—white kerchief.

LAURA.—Fashionable white muslin riding-dress—bonnet—scarf, &c.

PEASANTS—*Male and Female.*—Suits of holyday clothes.

Cast of the Characters.

As Performed at the Theatres-Royal, London.

	1796.	1823.	1832.
<i>Sir Felix Friendly</i>	Mr. Wilson.	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Strickland.
<i>Compton</i>	Mr. Bannister.	Mr. G. Smith.	Mr. Gallot
<i>Eugene</i>	Mr. Wood.	Mr. Barnard.	Mr. Newcombe
<i>Chicane</i>	Mr. Webb.	Mr. Hughes.	Mr. W. Johnson.
<i>Thomas</i>	Mr. Stevens.	Mr. Coveney.	Mr. Bishop.
<i>John</i>	Mr. Egan.	Mr. Povey.	Mr. Coveney.
<i>Cudden</i>	Mr. Kenny.	Mr. Meredith.	Mr. East.
<i>Stump</i>	Mr. Painter.	Mr. Sheriff.	Mr. Eaton.
<i>Lingo</i>	Mr. Edwin.	Mr. Liston.	Mr. Harley.
<i>Mrs. Cheshire</i>	Mrs. Webb.	Mrs. Harlowe.	Mrs. Tayleure.
<i>Cowslip</i>	Mrs. Wells.	Mrs. H. Hughes.	Mrs. Humby.
<i>Fringe</i>	Mrs. Poussin.	Mrs. Orger.	Mrs. Coveney.
<i>Laura</i>	Mrs. Bannister.	Miss Cubitt.	Mrs. Newcombe.

Servants, Peasants &c.

THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Pleasure Ground—Distant Prospect—
Table and Chairs, c.*

SIR FELIX FRIENDLY and COMPTON *discovered seated at
the Table, c.*—JOHN and THOMAS *in attendance.*

CHORUS.

HERE we sing, dance, and play,
Nor perceive the blithe day
Is departing, when gliding so smoothly away

Com. Let poets still carol the beauties of spring,
And love-lorn shepherds of summer may sing;
'Tis Autumn bestows full fruition of joy,
Rich treasure, sweet pleasure,
That never can cloy.

Sir F. The yellow leaf falling, presents the wise page,
That bids us lay up for our winter of age;
While labour subsiding, still sweetens repose,
And our wealth, rosy health,
From industry flows.
Here we sing, &c.

Sir F. There, there, get you gone all to the lawn, and
be as merry as good cheer, strong beer, and the pipe and
tabour can make you.

All Peasants. Long life and happy days to our master,
Sir Felix. [*Exeunt Peasants, R.*]

Sir F. O Compton! I am so happy to-day! Is not
that your old servant Thomas?

Com. Ay, Sir Felix, now my old servant: fidelity
roots the poor fellow in a barren soil.

Sir F. Desire Lingo to come here. [*Exeunt John, L.*] Here, Thomas, [*Crosses to him*] drink my health, [*Gives him money.*] We'll have none of our verdure wither to-day for want of moisture. [*Exit Thomas, R.*] Ah, friend Compton, had you but continued partnership with me to this day, well—Ay, ay, I stuck to Blackwell-hall till I converted my wool into a golden fleece. You must, like a silly sheep, go privateering, and so be fleeced by the French and Spaniards.

Com. Why, Sir Felix, no reflections on the part you have taken, I thought it more honourable to be shorn in facing the foe, than in safety to carry back a branded fleece, by flying from the enemies of my country.

Sir F. Well said, my old battering-ram. You're a loyal subject, and shall never be without his Majesty's picture while I have a collection. A friend to the king should never want his countenance. You're a true patriot, too! and it's a pity that a lover of his country should ever be in want of the blessings she produces. But come, give me the song that first set you agog on privateering.

Com. Sir Felix, I shan't repine at my private losses, so long as we can keep the dominion of the sea, and preserve the trident put into our hands by our valiant forefathers.

SONG.—COMPTON.

Thus, thus, my boys, our anchor's weigh'd
See Britain's glorious flag display'd!

Unfurl the swelling sail!

Sound, sound your shells—ye Tritons, sound
Let every heart with joy rebound!

We scud before the gale.

See Neptune quits his watery car,

Depos'd by Jove's decree,

Who hails a free-born British tar,

The sovereign of the sea.

Now, now, we leave the land behind,
Our loving wives and sweethearts kind,

Perhaps to meet no more!

Great George commands it must be so;

And glory calls; then let us go!

Nor sigh a wish for shore.

For Neptune, &c.

A sail ahead, our decks we clear ;
 Our canvass crowd, the chase we near ;
 In vain the Frenchman flies.
 A broadside pour'd through clouds of smoke,
 Our captain roars—My hearts of oak !
 Now draw, and board our prize.
 For Neptune, &c.

The scuppers run with Gallic gore ;
 The white rag struck, Monsieur no more
 Disputes the British sway.
 A prize ! we tow her into port,
 And hark ! salutes from every fort,
 Huzza, my souls, huzza !
 For Neptune, &c.

Sir F. Thank ye, thank ye, old partner ! Od ! I'm so happy to-day.

Com. Pray, Sir Felix, may I beg to know the cause of this happiness, and these extraordinary preparations ?

Sir F. Why, Compton, 'tis necessary you should know this day is a triple festival ; a little calendar, man—my birth-day, harvest home, and Laura's wedding.

Com. My daughter ! To whom, Sir Felix ?

Sir F. To my son.

Com. Eugene ! I'm surprised !

Sir F. I love to surprise people with good news.—You know this was always my intention.

Com. And is this all certain ?

Sir F. True as that you have brought up my son as yours, and I your daughter as an orphan that I had adopted. You know they love each other, and in this union of hearts my grand point is answered. I am so happy that my son, by thinking himself not worth a shilling, has escaped the foppery ideas of dissipation he might have imbibed from a knowledge of being heir to my fortune. And in your Laura I shall have a daughter-in-law possessed of sense to distinguish merit, though linked to poverty, and generosity to reward it with her heart.

Com. Dear Sir Felix, this goodness to a child of mine is a measure I——

Sir F. You wicked man, would you oppose goodness ?—[*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha ! this is pleasant. Laura loves Eugene, though she thinks he's not worth a

groat; and though he doats upon her, yet, awed by her fortune, the poor fool sighs at humble distance. Yes; and, egad! there were folks sighing for him, too. Why, do you know, Compton, he has made a conquest of a rich cheesemonger's widow in the Borough, who, supposing him much poorer than herself, forced money upon him to lure his affection. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! this old mouldy widow will have him in spite of his teeth; and thinking him still incapable of repaying her in coin, actually designs to hunt him with an attorney, and follow him here into the country, to force him into marriage. Ha, ha, ha! but where's Eugene now? because the bridegroom's presence is necessary at a wedding, you know.

Com. I left him at home, drawing.

Sir F. At study how to get his bread by scratching upon copper, or daubing canvass. Ha, ha, ha!

Com. True, Sir Felix. From the idea he has Fortune still to court, he is diligent in improving every grace, and acquiring every accomplishment that can render him worthy of her favour.

Sir F. And Laura in London, laying out a few hundreds I gave her this morning.

Com. Without an idea that I am her father, or even breathing but from your bounty. O, Sir Felix! so many obligations in the scale, gratitude is a feather.

Sir F. Then keep it to yourself, you feather-headed goose. Arn't we to be happy?—Compton, you took me into partnership with you, when all my stock was a little honesty; a poor capital, as the world goes! I have now the means, you the inclination. And were you rich and I poor, I know you'd act by me as I mean to do by you. [*Calling.*] Here, Lingo! Lingo!

Com. I see you have brought home your new butler.

Sir F. Yes, Sir; but he's a cursed fellow, as ignorant as dirt. It seems he has been a schoolmaster here in the country, taught all the bumpkin fry what he calls Latin, and the damn'd dog so patches his own bad English with his bits of bad Latin, and jumbles the gods, goddesses, heroes, celestial and infernal, together at such a rate!—I took him to oblige a foolish old friend of mine, who intended him for St. Omers; so I must keep him to draw good wine, and brew balderdash Latin—[*Calling.*] Lingo!

Com. I see a carriage coming down the avenue.

Sir F. Eh! it's Laura. Step you home for Eugene.
[*Compton crosses to R.*] D'ye hear, Compton? not a word till I break the matter myself. Ecod! they'll be so happy.

Com. I am sure they will be perfectly so.

SONG.—COMPTON.

The virgin lily of the night,
Aurora finds in tears;
But soon in coif of native white,
Her fragrant head she rears.
No longer droops, distress'd, forlorn,
But fresh and blithe as May,
She rises to perfume the morn,
And smiles upon the day.

The limpid streams of noble source,
That miles in darkness flow,
Emerging in their devious course
Translucent beauties show.
O'er golden sands they gently glide,
Unruffled with the gale,
Reflecting heaven with splendid pride,
As rolling through the vale. [Exit, R.]

Sir F. I'll puzzle 'em a little first, though; their surprise and joy will be the greater

Enter LAURA, L.

Sir F. Eh, Laura! welcome home, my girl.

Lau. I thank you, sir.

Sir F. Here we are, eh?—very well—laid out all your cash?—didn't run in debt, I hope

Lau. No, sir; your kindness amply supplied me.

Sir F. That's right; but come, your journal.

Lau. [*Aside.*] Now he will pretend to rail at my extravagance, although he delights in every wish of mine.—First, sir, I rattled up to my milliner's in Bond Street—Mrs. Bufont has a charming taste—there was a cap, sir, the very crown of elegance!

Sir F. And cost a crown in silver, I warrant now.

Lau. A crown! dear sir, it's cheap at three guineas.

Sir F. Three guineas! Bond Street! They make mighty pretty caps in Cranbourn Alley.

Lau. True, sir; but if we don't yield a little to the

fashions of the times, we shall make a rusty appearance to our polished neighbours of the Continent.

Sir F. Laura, I like a medium. I'll neither rust in particularity, nor will I be a weathercock to every puff of fashion.

SONG.—SIR FELIX FRIENDLY.

In Jacky Bull, when bound for France,
The gosling you discover ;
But taught to ride, to fence, and dance,
A finished goose comes over.
With his tierce and carte, sa, sa,
And his cotillion so smart, ha, ha,
He charms each female heart, oh, la,
As Jacky returns from Dover.

For cocks and dogs, see squire at home,
The prince of country tonies ;
Returned from Paris, Spa, or Rome,
Our squire's a nice Adonis.

With his tierce and carte, sa, sa,
And his cotillion so smart, ha, ha,
He charms the female heart, oh, la,
The prince of macaronies.

[Crosses to L.]

Sir F. For a trip or so, I should have no objection to a snuff at the air of Fontainbleau ; should like to see the little chapel at Loretto, or the great tun of Heidelburgh, or the Escurial, the bull feast, the goblins, tapestry, or, no offence to his holiness's great toe, to pop my nose into the Vatican. But, after all, I should be unfashionable enough to prefer little England to all the gardens and fountains of France, and palaces and conversationi of Italy.

SONG.—LAURA.

The tuneful lark, as soaring high,
Upon its downy wings,
With wonder views the vaulted sky,
And mounting sweetly sings.
Ambition swells its little breast,
Suspended high in air,
But gently dropping to the nest,
Finds real pleasure there.

[Exit, R.]

Sir F. [Laughing.] Ha, ha, ha ! poor Laura ! I'll surprise you presently. [Calling.] Lingo !—Where is

this crazy butler of mine? Lingo! O, here he comes at last. Now will he pester me with his damned barbarous Latin—Lingo!

Enter LINGO, L.

Lin. I'm here, Domine Felix.

Sir F. Domine! I'll Domine your blockhead against the wall, if you Domine me.

Lin. I won't, Domine Felix.

Sir F. Again!

Lin. I've done, Domine Felix.

Sir F. Are your knives and glasses and every thing ready for supper?

Lin. All ready, Domine Felix.

Sir F. O, damn your Domine! Pray, Lingo, stir and be clever; a great deal to do; and I beseech you, let me hear no more of your cursed Latin. [*Exit, R.*]

Lin. My cursed Latin! a blessed ignorant family this I have got into!

Enter CUDDEN, L.

Lin. Cudden, whither so fast?

Cud. I am going upon the lawn, to be merry, and to dance with my sweetheart, the dairy-maid. We'll have such game!

Lin. Game! Cudden, you must know the Olympic games were *propria quæ maribus mascula dicar*.

Cud. I know naught of French, Master Lingo. I loves to hear good English, because as why, I speaks good English; and so good bye, meister butler. [*Exit, R.*]

Enter STUMP, L.

Lin. O, farmer Stump!

Stu. I can't stay.

Lin. You can't stay! O, you Adonis of the woods—
Ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, vivorum.

Stu. I don't understand Greek. [*Exit, R.*]

Lin. Ay, ay, all my Latin is Greek to these people. You unhappy clowns, oh, you Cyclops! they know nothing, nor won't be learned. Not a soul in the house will listen to me but Cowslip, the dairy-maid; and she's going to jig it upon the lawn with the dancing fawns and rusty bumpkins. And here she comes.

Enter COWSLIP. with a bowl of cream, &c.

Lin. My sweet Cowslip, properly called Cowslip, *No-minitivo, hanc huc et hoc.*

Cow. I have put the hoc into the syllabub, Mr. Lingo, and here it is!

Lin. What a sensible soul it is!

Cow. Will you take it within, Mr. Lingo?

Lin. No, child, I prefer the air; Zephyrus, Æolus, Boreas, and other gentle breezes, will attend us here. I love the fragrant gales. Cowslip, sit down; you're a noun adjective, and must not stand by yourself. Let's have a toast.

Cow. I'll go bake one, sir.

Lin. No, I'll make one. Here's that the masculine may never be neuter to the feminine gender.

Cow. Here's that—ay, here's the masculine to the feminine gender. [*Drinks.*] O, lord! I left out the neuter.

Lin. You were right—recte, Puella. I know these things, child, so did Ovid and Cæsar.

Cow. What, Cæsar the great dog, sir?

Lin. No, child; Judas Cæsar. Romulus and Remus were suckled by a wolf. They ~~ravished~~ the Sabine girls and found Rome in Italy. *away with*

Cow. Ah! such fellows would find room any where.

Lin. Jupiter was a fine god; he swam on a bull to Europe; he went into a flash of fire for Semele.

Cow. Yes, sir, he'd go any lengths for his ale.

Lin. I mean his amours.

Cow. O, ay; he'd drink with Moors or Turks either.

Lin. Drink! who?

Cow. Who! why, Jew Peter, the old clothes-man.

Lin. O coelum in terra! For all my conversation, I find you know no more than the parson of the parish. Ah, Cowslip, if you was a goddess! the goddesses knew men and things.

Cow. More shame for 'em, Mr. Lingo, I say. *at last*

Lin. Jove loved an eagle; Mars, a lion; Phœbus, a cock; Venus, a pigeon; Minerva loved an owl.

Cow. I should not have thought of your cock lions, your owls, and your pigeons; if I was a goddess, give me a roast duck.

Lin. If you was Flora or Ceres.

Cow. Serus! I am serus.

Lin. O, Cowslip! the great old heroes perhaps you have never heard of—Homer, Moses, Hercules, or Wat Tyler!

Cow. No, indeed, sir, not I.

Lin. Cowslip, don't love the clowns. That fellow, that Cudden, is a colossus of the road. He's a clown, a mere pheasant; and yet I suspect this Faunus, this young Silenus, is the deity, the great Pan of the dairy.

Cow. I could not set my cream, sir, without a pan in the dairy.

Lin. O, Cowslip, the fine gods! but for a mortal ecce homo

SONG.—LINGO.

Such beauties in view, I
 Can never praise too high;
 Not Pallas's blue eye
 Is brighter than thine.
 Nor fount of Susanna,
 Nor gold of fair Dana,
 Nor moon of Diana,
 So clear can shine!
 Not beard of Silenus,
 Nor tresses of Venus,
 I swear by Quæ Genus!
 With your's can compare;
 Not Hermes' Caduces,
 Nor flower-de-luces,
 Nor all the nine muses,
 To me is so fair.

Cho. What posies and roses,
 To noses discloses;
 Your breath all so sweet,
 To the tip of your lip,
 As they trip the bees dip,
 Honey sip, like choice flip,
 And their hybla forget.
 When girls like you pass us,
 I saddle Pegasus,
 And ride up Parnassus
 To Helicon's stream;
 Even that is a puddle
 Where others may muddle;
 My nose let me fuddle
 In howls of your cream.

Old Jove, the great Hector,
 May tippie his nectar,
 Of gods the director,
 And thunder above.
 I'd quaff at a full can,
 As Bacchus or Vulcan,
 Or Jove the old bull can.
 To her that I love

Cho. What posies and roses, &c.

SCENE II.—A Chamber.

Enter LAURA, L.

Lau. Where can Eugene be? at home, over his books and painting, I suppose. He'd be here if he thought I was come back. Yes, he is all tenderness and attention; but his diffidence and provoking respect almost make me angry sometimes. How a little absence endears to us the object of our affection!

Enter EUGENE, L.

Eug. You have been in London, madam.

Lau. Just returned, Eugene. Why will you call me madam—you know I don't like it?

Eug. Impute my offence to the real cause, my respect to my divine Laura.

Lau. Send your respect back to its source the bounty of Sir Felix.

Eug. My love, you have my heart, my life. But when I reflect on the distance my fate has thrown me from you, it checks my presumption. I endeavour to hide from self-contempt, and would, if possible, shrink from my own opinion.

Eug. What was I, Eugene? a poor abandoned orphan; and but for the kind attention of Sir Felix, I should be a wretched outcast, and experience the cold reception poverty must expect from a hard and sordid world.

Eug. O, my love! had we been born humble villagers, with my Laura I should have been happy.

Lau. And I, too, with my Eugene.

DUET.—EUGENE and LAURA.

Happy, harmless, rural pair,
 Void of jealousy or care;
 Emblems of the bless'd above,
 Sharing pure seraphic love;

By the brook, beneath the shade
Of the lofty poplar laid,
Cheerful strains awake the grove,
Dulcet notes of peace and love !
Say, ye proud, ye rich, and great,
Circled round with noise and state,
Real pleasures can ye prove ?
No, 'tis found in rural love. [*They retire up, R.*]

Enter SIR FELIX FRIENDLY and COMPTON, L.

Sir F. Compton, look there, a pair of turtles. Look, see—there's looks of love.

Com. Unfeigned affection, indeed, sir.

Sir F. Egad ! I'll surprise them ; I'll disturb their tranquillity.

Com. Dear sir——

Sir F. (L. c.) Be quiet, man ; their joy will be the greater afterwards. Ha ! Eugene ! my boy, we an't had a dish of chat to-day.

Eug. (c.) The loss was mine, sir

Sir F. Compton, now for it. Laura, do you know that I am very happy to-day ?

Lau. (R.) Dear sir, you can never be happier than I sincerely wish you.

Sir F. I thank you, child ;—yes, yes. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha ! I delight in a wedding.

Lau. Sir !

Sir F. We are to have a wedding under this roof to-night, Eugene.

Eug. Indeed, sir ?

Sir F. Yes ; I am going to marry.

Eug. Who, sir ?

Sir F. Laura.

Lau. Me, sir !

Sir F. Yes ; I am going to marry you to my son.

Eug. Son !—Have you a son, sir ?

Com. He has, Eugene ; a son worthy of such a father.

Eug. And he is to be united to Laura ?

Sir F. Yes, Eugene, he's a good lad : I'll assure you'll like him exceedingly, Eugene ; egad, you'll never be out of his company. But he's at hand to bless my hopes, crown my wishes, and end my cares ;—you've no objection, Laura.

Lau. Gratitude, sir, must ever make your will the

guide of mine. [*Aside.*] Till now I never felt the loss of a parent.

Eug. [*Aside.*] Never till now did I regret the want of a fortune.

Com. My heart bleeds for them.

Sir F. Nonsense! when happiness comes unexpected it brings a double blessing, and cheers like the sun from behind a cloud.

QUINTETTO.

Sir F. O, how sweetly pleasure's tasted,
Usher'd in by grief or pain;
Ever joy, some joy is wasted—
Give me sunshine after rain.

Com. A trial so severe discovers
True affection's real charms:
Hapless, happy, faithful lovers,
Soon you'll bless each other's arms.

Sir F. Oh, exquisite pleasure!
Oh, joy beyond measure!
What say you, my Laura, what say you
Then hey for a wedding,
And hey for a bedding,
And hey for a baby at nine months' end.

Lau. { Celestial patience, meek-eyed maid,
& { Impart thy lenient power;
Eug. { With calm content 'tis thou must aid,
And cheer the adverse hour.

Sir F. We'll be merry, by jingo,
I've got some old relics
Of Bacchus—why, Lingo?

Enter LINGO, L.

Lin. Here, Domine Felix.

Sir F. You know my choice old sack,
Go fetch a dozen bottles;
Brave Bacchus we'll attack,

Lin. And Bibo all our throattles.

Sir F. A feast's not worth a fig
Without a lusty jorum,

Lin. Hey popolorum jig,
Hey jiggo popolorum.

Cho. Hey popolorum jig,
Hey jiggo popolorum.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Inn.*MRS. CHESHIRE *and* CHICANE.

Chi. So, my glass of brandy and water is finished, and by this time the horses are putting to.

Mrs. C. We'll be upon him. He has got my letter by this ; and Sir Felix Friendly, who lives here below, has given me notice of Eugene's intention to marry an orphan girl somewhere here in the country ; but I think I'll forbid the banns. You've the writ ready, Mr. Chicane ?

Chi. In my pocket. But, Mrs. Cheshire, I trust you will let no tender qualm prevent the execution of it, in case the young man, this Eugene, shall refuse to marry you.

Mrs. C. Tender qualms ! You're a good lawyer, I believe, Mr. Chicane ; but you are little read in the heart of a woman. No, sir ; the more we love, the more we hate when that love is slighted. And am I not right, sir ? Not a better filled cheese-shop in the borough than mine. What would the fellow have ? And pray, sir, an't I a wife for any man ?

Chi. Wife ? ay, and a good wife too, Mrs. Cheshire. And what's better, there's plenty of you.

Mrs. C. Ah ! that's what my poor dear husband used to say. The good soul died of a surfeit at the London Tavern. Ay, mere curds and whey ;—wouldn't do for a city feast. Delicate as Parmesan, Mr. Chicane. Why, wife, says he, you're an honour to Tooley Street—a noble Cheshire cast in a Dutch mould. If he still refuses my hand and property——

Chi. To prison he goes. Yes, I have got a bailiff that I think will have him. Yes, my bailiff's an agreeable fellow. Tom Touch has a most taking way with him. Yes, yes, he'll sleep in the King's Bench to-night.

Mrs. C. Ay, as sure as you have two ears upon your head, Mr. Chicane.

Chi. [*Aside.*] Then he's safe enough.

Mrs. C. Yes, yes, to prison he goes ; and I think I am right, sir.

Chi. Right ! if not, Madam, I would not be concerned for you. I like to be on the right side ; and in my last

cause, particularly, I lent an ear to Justice.—She never repaired it, though. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. C. Come, Mr. Chicane, rise. O! I hope the poor beasts have fed.—A tolerable pull to draw you and me in a gig from London.

Chi. Only two hours and four minutes. You are an excellent driver, Mrs. Cheshire.

Mrs. C. A pretty work, sir, in such weather, driving my gig after a fellow! I protest, sir, though my dear husband had a confirmed asthma, and was sixty-eight when he died, I give myself more trouble about this Eugene, though the fellow is in sound health, and is only twenty-four.

Chi. All from your good-nature, Mrs. Cheshire.

Mrs. C. Oh! if my poor dear husband was alive—But he's better where he is.

SONG.—MRS. CHESHIRE.

In choice of a husband us widows are nice,
I'd not have a man would grow old in a trice:
Not a bear, or a monkey, a clown, or a fop,
But one that could bustle and stir in my shop.

A log I'll avoid when I'm chusing my lad,
And a stork, that might gobble up all that I had;
Such suitors I've had, sir—but off they might hop,—
I want one that can bustle and stir in my shop.

The lad in my eye is the man to my mind,
So handsome, so young, so polite, and so kind!
With such a good soul to the altar I'd pop,—
He's the man that can bustle and stir in my shop.

[*Exit, L.*]

SCENE II.—A Chamber.

Enter SIR FELIX FREELOVE and COMPTON, R.

Sir F. Ha, ha, ha! she's come; Mrs. Cheshire is come, and brought an attorney upon him. How he will be surprised! A letter is her harbinger, and they'll be here in five minutes. Ha, ha, ha!

Com. I had not a notion 'twas you sent for her, Sir Felix.

Sir F. I knew I'd surprise you. Ha, ha, ha!—We'll see how he'll fight it out. Egad! they'll surprise him.

How finely he'll be hampered ! an ideal rival on one side, and a real attorney on the other. Ha, ha, ha !

Com. And tantalized with forbidden fruit in the remotest affection of my Laura.

Sir F. Ay, but when I snatch him from the attorney and the fat cheesemonger, and bless him with an affluent fortune and his dear Laura, how he'll be then surprised !

Com. Why, certainly, the winding up will be the best of the joke.

Sir F. Joke ! I live in a joke. A hearty laugh is my lease of happiness ; and on the farm of Fun I'll be a tenant for life.

SONG.—SIR FELIX FREELOVE.

Some love great bowls to quaff,

Some like a dog and gun ;

I love a hearty laugh,

Give me a bit of fun.

I lik'd a maiden's charms,

And after her did run ;

I took her in my arms,

Says I——We'll have some fun.

With laugh, and joke, and play,

At length her heart I won ;

To church we went so gay,

And then we had some fun.

[*Exeunt Sir Felix and Compton, L.*

Enter EUGENE, R.

Eug. I wish I could get an opportunity of speaking to Laura. I won't return to Sir Felix in such a perturbed state of mind. Company, conversation is——

Enter LINGO, L.

Lin. Do, sir, come in and take a glass, do. Sir, pray come in, and bibo a little with your father and Domine Felix : they are gone laughing into the parlour, and I have opened a bottle for 'em.

Eug. Well, Lingo, my respects to Sir Felix, and I shall do myself the honour of waiting on him at supper.

Lin. No, sir, 'tis I that am to wait on him at supper, because I am the butler. Do, pray, sir, come into

meo magister. You'll be heartily welcome to Domine Felix, I'm sure; and that the wine is good, bona veritas, I'm sure—for I took two glasses just now at the sideboard.

Eug. Why, then, pray go in and take another. Primo, secundo, tertio, Mr. Lingo

Lingo. Primo, secundo, tertio! Mr. Eugene, you know something. I know a little, too. You have studied; pray, sir, was you an Oxonian, or a Cantab?

Eug. [*Half aside.*] What an infernal fellow?

Lin. An infernal fellow! O, then you wore a square cap.—I'll pose the infernal fellow of Oxford.—Pray, sir, can you decline the amatum supine, to a lady that's fine?

Eug. I find you are a great scholar, Mr. Lingo.

Lin. Scholar! I was a master of Scholars.—Scio scribendo, I can read—Legere, I can write. Tacitorum Latinum, I can speak Latin. But then, quid opus mihi usumque scientie? what need have I of so much knowledge? No one listens to me but Cowslip the dairy-maid; and I admire her sapience, for she's as docile as a young elephant.

SONG.—LINGO.

Amo, amas,
 I love a lass,
 As a cedar tall and slender;
 Sweet Cowslip's grace
 Is her nom'tive case,
 And she's of the feminine gender.

Chorus. Rorum corum, sunt divorum,
 Harum scarum, divo!
 Tag rag, merry derry, periwig and hathand,
 Hic, hoc, horum, genitivo!

Can I decline
 A nymph divine?
 Her voice as a flute is dulcis;
 Her oculus bright,
 Her manus white,
 And soft, when I tacto, her pulse is.

Cho. Rorum corum, &c.

Oh! how bella
 My puella!
 I'll kiss secula seculorum;

If I've luck, sir,
She's my uxor,
O dies benedictorum !

Cho. Rorum corum, &c. [Exit Lingo, L.

Enter THOMAS, R.

Eug. Well, Thomas.

Tho. I've been taking a mug of ale at the Griffin, sir ;
and a lady just come from London desired me to give
you that there letter. [Exit, L.

Eug. Mrs. Cheshire's hand ! my old Calypso of Tooley
Street. [Reads.] " Sir,—I wish I could say, dear Eu-
gene ; but you know you are unworthy of such an epithet ;
yet my good-nature obliges me to repeat the offer of my
hand, which if you again rjeect, my attorney has instruc-
tions to sue you for the money my goodness lent to your
necessity.—Yours, if you please, MARGERY CHESHIRE.—
P. S. I and my attorney will be with you immediately."
—'Sdeath ! to be pestered at such a time with such a
fulsome, teasing old fool ! Her cash, that she abso-
lutely forced upon me. What shall I do with her, a
silly, ridiculous—Eh, egad ! suppose I—[Laughing]—
Ha, ha, ha !—a thought strikes me. It will involve her
in a ridiculous situation. I'll procure her a more ho-
nourable reception than she expects. [Laughing.] Ha,
ha, ha ! yes, Thomas shall set it going through the
family. I'll tell it to him as a secret, and he will tell it
over the house ; and the more marvellous, the easier
swallowed.

Enter THOMAS, L.

Tho. O, sir, I've been looking for you. The lady got
here as soon as her letter. She's in the little parlour,
and——

Eug. Hush!

Tho. Sir !—

Eug. Thomas, I know you're honest.

Tho. That I am, sir, as any servant in——

Eug. Thomas, can you—shut that door—[Shuts L. D.]
can you keep a great secret ?

Tho. Leave me alone for that, sir.

Eug. O Thomas, it's of the greatest consequence. If
known, it may lay our country in ruin.

Tho. I won't tell a word of it, sir.

Eug. Not for your soul ! Then you must know—

come this way—that lady that gave you that letter, and that's now in the little parlour, is a Russian princess.

Tho. A princess !

Eug. The Princess Rustifusti. She fought a duel——

Tho. A princess fight a duel !

Eug. With a great count of the holy Roman Empire. She was run through the sword arm ; but the noble count's wounds were said to be mortal ; so she has fled to England for safety · and if she's discovered, we must give her up. Then, Thomas, she'll be beheaded.

Tho. Poor noble soul !

Eug. Ay, Thomas ; such a princess knows all languages, and English most correctly. Now, Thomas, if you mention this——

Tho. Me ! not for——

Enter FRINGE, L.

Eug. Hush ! not a word—especially to a woman.

[Exit, R.]

Fringe. And why not to a woman, pray ?

Tho. Because it's a secret.

Fringe. A secret ! I must know it.

Tho. O, Mrs. Fringe, if you would not speak of it——

Fringe. Come, tell me.

Tho. Then you must know—shut the door—this way—the great lady in the little parlour is a Russian princess !

Fringe. A princess !

Tho. The Princess Rusky Fusky. She killed two counts of the holy Roman Emperor. She's here incog. ; and if she's taken, her head will be chopped off. Not a word of that, Mrs. Fringe ; for 'tis a rascally thing to tell a thing when once you're intrusted with it.

Fringe. So it is, indeed, Thomas. *[Exit Thomas, R.]* A princess ! I'll wait upon her. She may prefer me to be one of her maids of honour.

Enter JOHN, L.

John. Did you see Mr. Lingo ? I want some cake and wine for this strange gentlewoman here in the parlour.

Fringe. Gentlewoman ! well, I find some people know more of some people than some people. But when people intrust people with people's secrets, people are not to tell them to all the people people meet.

John. Hey ! the devil ! what a crowd of people's here !

Fringe. Eh! no, we're alone—shut the door—John, if you knew—you won't tell any body?

John. Tell! did I tell of the bottle of burnt claret the other night, though I stole it from Mr. Lingo myself.

Fringe. No, you have discretion, John.—John, that gentlewoman, as you call her, is—but it's the greatest secret—she is the great Russian Princess Rusky Fusky!

John. The Princess Rusky Fusky!

Fringe. She was set upon by five holy Roman Emperors.—The dear lady had nothing but her fan and her scissors; and with these she defended her honour, with her back against a tree, till she laid five holy Roman Emperors all dead at her feet. If she had stayed, she would have had her head severed from her body; so she called for her own maid, a faithful sensible body like me; one that never blabbed—she packed up her portmanteau, crossed the seas, and landed at Blackheath. If she's taken—John, don't tell, as her life's in danger.

John. Her life in danger! Damme if I'd tell for half-a-crown.

Fringe. I believe you, John. I assure you I wouldn't have told you, only I know you can keep a secret as well as myself. [Exit, R.

John. Can one get any thing by it, though?

Enter COWSLIP, L.

Cow. What cream is wanted for the morning, John?

John. Ha! my dainty dairy-maid!

Cow. Ha'done, do, I shoudn't have thought of your impudence, John. [Bell rings, L.

John. Zounds! I forgot the wine and cake for the Prin—gad! I'd like to have popt it out—Ah, Cowslip, I could discover——

Cow. I don't care what you discover of me. Why, did Mr. Lingo tell, then!

John. What!

Cow. O, nothing.

John. Damn the old wig-block! he has the ear, and I fancy the lip too, of every woman in the house.

Cow. Why, you're as tall, and your leg is not amiss when you're behind the coach. But why don't you speak the Latin tongue?

John. I've more regard to decency, than to curse and swear to innocent women because they don't understand me.

Cow. Does Mr. Lingo do so? Certain and sure, he does come out with his nouns sometimes.

John. Cowslip, I'll tell you the secret, if you'll affront him.

Cow. Ods-daisy! but I'll huff him; will that do? I'll pull his wig. He's mighty proud of his wig. Now, what's the secret!

John. The secret is—[*Bell rings.*] Coming!—don't tell—we've a great princess in the house.

Cow. A princess! Ods-daisy! that's fine,

John. The Russian Princess Rusky Fusky.

Cow. The Princess Rusky Fusky!

John. She killed six knights of the holy Roman Emperor. She's in disguise here. The constables are after her with a search-warrant, and she'll be hanged if she's taken. You have the secret now, and pray keep it for my sake. [*Bell rings.*] Coming, coming! [*Exit, L.*]

Cow. Keep the secret! ay, that I will. Lord, I'll go to the Princess Rusky Fusky; and then I must make haste to the lawn, or all the sports will be over, and Cudden, my sweetheart, gone home, or mayhap dance with another girl. John and Mr. Lingo—Ah! after all, I find Cudden has skimmed the cream of my affections.

SONG.—COWSLIP.

Lord, what care I for mam or dad?

Why, let 'em scold and bellow:

For while I live, I'll love my lad,—

He's such a charming fellow.

The last fair-day on Gander Green,

The youth he danc'd so well, O;

So spruce a lad was never seen

As my sweet charming fellow.

The fair was over, night was come,

The lad was somewhat mellow;

Says he, my dear, I'll see you home,—

I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright,

Says he, if you'll not tell O,

I'll kiss you here by this good lig —

Lord, what a charming fellow.

You rogue, says I, your've stopp'd my breath,

Ye bells ring out my knell O!

Again I'd die so sweet a death,

With such a charming fellow.

O, here comes Mr. Lingo, with his gibberish and his nonsense.

Enter LINGO, L.

Lin. Oh, my sweetest of Cowslips! dulces puella! by my dexter and sinister manus, your antic Caleb sings to Poëans to see you!

Cow. What do you say—you're in pain to see me, Mr. Lingo?

Lin. Gerunds, declensions, verbs, and adverbs!

Cow. I should not ha' thought of your herbs.

Lin. Aid me, amor, the eight parts of speech—singular, plural, nouns, and pronouns!

Cow. Mr. Lingo, I doesn't love cursing and swearing!

Lin. Nominativo hanc, hunc, et hoc *log much*

Cow. Hock again! You're drunk ~~with~~ hock, ~~for my~~ ~~part~~, I believe. I desire you'll ha' done, do.

[Gives him a push.]

Lin. Ha' done, do! Hear this, ye azure woods, you purling plains, you verdant skies, you crystal swains, ye feathered fountains, tinkling groves, you cooing kids, ye capering doves! She's in the imperative mood! Oh, ~~damnat~~us, obstinatus mulier!

Cow. Do you say I'm a ~~damr'd~~ obstinate mule?—How dare you call me names? I'll pull your wig for you, that's what I will!

[Pulls his wig, and crosses to L.]

Lin. If my scholars were to see me now, they'd never let me whip them again in secula seculorum.

Cow. For all your lorums and larning, I could larn you somewhat, if I had a mind, Mr. Schoolmaster; but it's a great secret, or I could tell you the big lady in the little parlour is the Princess Rusky Fusky; and how she killed seven whole Roman Emperors; and how she'll be hanged in chains if she's caught; and I could have told you every word, if I pleased; but you sha'n't know a syllabub of it from me, that you sha'n't, Mr. Schoolmaster.

[Exit, L.]

Lin. Multum in parvo! What a discreet slut it is to know all this, and wouldn't even tell me, because it's a secret! The Princess Rusky Fusky is in our house! This is, indeed, a secret, pro bono publico! This Cowslip is the very flower—the daffy-down-dilly of dairy-maids!

SONG.—LINGO.

Of all the pretty flowers,
 A cowslip's my delight ;
 With it I'd pass my hours,
 Both morning, noon, and night.
 To be sure I would, &c.

This cowslip smelled so sweetly,
 And look'd so fresh and gay ;
 Says I, you are dress'd so neatly,
 We'll have a little play.
 To be sure we will, &c.

One evening in the dairy
 'Twas lying on the shelf,
 I kiss'd the pretty fairy,
 And then laid down myself.
 To be sure I did, &c.

This flower one morning early
 Upon a bed did rest ;
 I long'd to pull it dearly,
 And stick it to my breast.
 To be sure I could, &c.

[Exit, L.]

SCENE III.—A Chamber.

Enter EUGENE, R.

Eug. So, as I expected, my secret has gone through the family, and my cheesemonger is a Russian Princess !

Enter LAURA, L.

Lau. Oh, Eugene ! I hear Sir Felix's son is actually arrived.

Eug. Then, my Laura, though bitter the separation, I bid adieu to you and happiness !

Lau. Do you leave the country, Eugene ?

Eug. Can I stay to see my dearest Laura——Think what I would say.

Lau. Nay, Eugene, do you tell me.

Eug. Sir Felix's son is arrived, and—can I see you in the arms of another ?

Lau. Ha, Eugene, if you go, do you—can you think your Laura will stay behind ?

Eug. Generous Laura! But Sir Felix has set his heart upon your union with his son. To his bounty my father and I owe our very existence; and shall I, like a viper, turn and sting my kind preserver? No, Laura. Though, in the possession of you, my love, I comprise all hope of happiness, yet, in my mind, the height of human bliss is dearly gained, when purchased by an action of dishonour.

Lau. I ask your pardon, sir—I see my error—I sha'n't be ungrateful to Sir Felix—I'll give my hand where he commands, though my heart may burst. Oh, Eugene! I did not think you'd use me thus!

SONG.—LAURA.

Ah! why take back the vows you gave,
Or wish to part with mine?

My heart is still your willing slave,
Though your's I must resign.

A bird whose vows did first engage,
Though anxious to remain,
Enamour'd of its golden cage,
You'd now let loose again.

You lull'd me in a dream of love,
A gay illusive show;
And when the substance I would prove,
You wakeme into woe.

Eug. I cannot bear this, and fear love must triumph over gratitude! And have you fortitude, Laura, to face the world with me?

Lau. Try me; and not even the elements shall part your faithful Laura from her beloved Eugene.

Eug. Generous Laura!

SONG.—EUGENE.

My Laura, wilt thou trust the seas?
For poor Eugene, quit home and ease,
And certain peril prove?

Then, constancy,
Our pilot be,

As all our freight is love.

Though Boreas wears an angry form,
And threat'ning clouds portend a storm,
No cheering star above,
Let constancy, &c.

Our bark shall bravely stem the tide,
Till skies clear up and storms subside,
And peace returns her dove.

Let constancy, &c.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber, with a recess and curtain, L.*

MRS. CHESHIRE *discovered sitting, R.*—LINGO and JOHN *ceremoniously waiting, L.*

Mrs. C. My patience is almost wearied out. Very strange I can't see Eugene! Oh, dear! A glass of water, if you please.

John. (c.) Yes, madam.

Lin. [*Aside.*] Madam! John don't know she's a princess. I can't do her proper homage before these Cyclops. John, you may retire.

John. [*Aside.*] Mr. Lingo's not in the secret. Mr. Lingo, pray bow respectfully to her.

Lin. Do you teach me, that have teached hundreds? Centum docentum, you vile lictor! Take your face out of the room—go! Am not I the domestic god—the very lady of the family? Go! [*Exit John, L.*] Don't be afraid. Nobody knows you but me.

Mrs. C. These Kentish servants are very civil.

Enter COWSLIP, with a bowl, L.

Cow. [*Kneeling.*] Some of our English cream for your royal reverence.

Mrs. C. My royal reverence!

Lin. Take the glass, please your Catholic Majesty.

Mrs. C. My Catholic Majesty!

Lin. Cowslip, leave the presence.

Cow. I have no more presents than the bowl of cream.

Lin. Cream! you shallow Pomona!

Cow. Well, till now I always thought you great Russians wore whiskers! [*Exit, L.*]

Lin. Don't mind that girl, most learned Mufty. She's a mere English druid, most divine bard.

Enter JOHN, with cake and wine on a salver, L.

Lin. John, this honour is too great.

John. Mr. Lingo, I was ordered——

Lin. John, I do not love a common Demosthenus.

John. Sir, I——

Lin. Go out, unmannerly homo! [*Exit John, L.*] The most impudent canus in our domus!

Mrs. C. This is wine. A glass of water, if you please

Lin. I vino veritas. You get no water in this house. Some cake for your faithful Majesty.

Mrs. C. My Majesty! Oh, this is mere diversion! I sent a letter just now from the Griffin to Mr. Eugene.

Lin. You sent it! Yes, he got a letter from the Griffin. Take some cake. Vivitus, we live by eating and drinking, please your grace's holiness.

Mrs. C. My grace's holiness! Pray, hearkee, sir—does your master tolerate you to——But I—I'm cool!

Lin. [*Aside.*] Cool! She wants the Russian stove. [*Aloud.*] We have no such thing in England, great Otoman; but I'll immediately get you a chafing-dish of hot coals for your sublime port. [*Exit, L.*]

Enter FRINGE, R.

Fringe. [*Kneeling.*] Please your royal highness——

Mrs. C. My royal highness!

Fringe. I am my young lady's own woman, your royal highness.

Mrs. C. I am no royal highness, madam.

Fringe. Oh, I know your royal highness very well; but I'd scorn to betray your royal highness, as it was in defence of your virtue you killed the Roman emperors

Mrs. C. I kill the Roman emperors!

Fringe. [*Aside.*] A Russian princess! Give me our own royal family, after all! [*Exit, L.*]

Mrs. C. All mad in this house, I believe.

Enter LINGO, with a cloak, R.

Lin. You will have the hot coals presently; in the meantime, throw this Russian fur cloak over you—Mr. Compton wore it in your cold eastern ports. You were wounded in the sword-arm, great Rustifusti.

Mrs. C. [*Aside.*] Yes, this fellow's mad!

Lin. Those Roman Emperors that attacked you were Tarquins, depend upon it. That chair is too low for your highness. Here is another. It is higher and more fitter for your eminence.

Enter THOMAS, L.

Tho. [*Kneels and whispers.*] Your highness is discovered!

Mrs. C. [*Aside.*] Highness ! All mad ! I've got into Bedlam, sure.

Lin. [*Laying hold of Thomas.*] Whisper a princess ! Why, Thomas, you fancy yourself Cardinal Wolsey in this house.

Tho. Oh, if you knew, Mr. Lingo——

Lin. What ?—Quid opus ?

Tho. A secret. I met an attorney and a bailiff at the door.

Lin. An attorney !—Turn out ! [*Turns him out, L.*

Mrs. C. It's my lawyer. Open the door.

Lin. Let in an attorney !—Are you mad, great potentate ? Oh ! oh !

Mrs. C. Open the door !

Lin. The lawyer will betray you, commander of the faithful.

Mrs. C. Open the door, I say !

Lin. Sit quiet, great Rustifusti.

Mrs. C. [*Rising.*] Am I to be shut up here with a madman ? Open the door, I insist !

Lin. [*Aside.*] Her serene highness is in a passion. She'll never be taken alive—yes, she'll kill the attorney. There is a case of pistols—there is a broad-sword.—Heavens ! how she'll fight ! [*Aloud.*] Here, now, defend yourself, brave Rustifusti !

Mrs. C. Open the door, I say !

Lin. [*Aside.*] Yes, she'll shoot the attorney ! [*Aloud.*] Stay till I get up here. [*Gets behind the curtain, L. c.*] Now, prime and fire away, brave Bellona !

Enter SIR FELIX FRIENDLY and COMPTON, L.

Sir F. Don't be alarmed, princess ; though your person's known here, you're safe by all the laws of hospitality.

Lin. Stand out of the way, Domine Felix, till Rustifusti shoots the attorney !

Com. Why, this is Mrs. Cheshire, our Southwark cheesemonger !

Lin. [*Coming down, c.*] A cheesemonger ! Oh, cælum et terra ! And have I studied Syntax, Cordery, Juvenal, and Tristram Shandy, to serve wine on my knee to a mity cheesemonger ! But there is one thing I can never forgive in secula seculorum.

Com. What's that, Lingo ?

Lin. Her not shooting the attorney.

[*Exit, L.*

Enter CHICANE, R.

Chi. So, so—the party has absconded.

Mrs. C. Eugene!

Sir F. My son run away!

Chi. With the young lady of the house, I think.

Com. My daughter!

Sir F. Tol, lol, lol!—Ha, ha, ha!—I'm so happy!

Enter EUGENE and LAURA, L.

So, you ran away to be married, I suppose?

Eug. With that intention, sir, I confess.

Lau. Dear Sir Felix, the fault was mine; but Eugene's mind is replete with honour, and he has made me a proselyte. Oh, sir! he has my affections! I here return to my obedience, with hopes a son of your's will never accept my hand, when my heart is possessed by another.

Sir F. Refused a fine girl, rather than violate the ties of honour and gratitude!—My Eugene—my son! take the blessing of a father; for now I with pride acknowledge you!

Eug. [*To Compton.*] Sir!

Com. 'Tis true, Eugene. Sir Felix claims your filial duty.

Eug. I'm surprised!

Sir F. Yes, I love to surprise people.

Lau. [*To Sir Felix.*] Dear sir, your blessing and forgiveness! [*Kneeling.*]

Sir F. Kneel there, Laura; his right is prior to mine.

Lau. Mr. Compton!

Com. Yes, Laura, in me you behold an affectionate parent; but, next to heaven, you owe your thanks to that benevolent man.

Mrs. C. (R.) Well, I'll be revenged, if it cost me half the cheese in my shop! [*Going.*]

Sir F. Stay, widow.—Egad! I've surprised you!—Suppose you surprise me in turn, and marry the attorney?

Mrs. C. I own Mr. Chicane is an honest man, but——

Sir F. Take him home.—Bring an honest attorney over London Bridge with you, and you'll surprise all Tooley Street.

Enter LINGO, L.

Lin. I hear of a wedding going to be, Domine Felix ; therefore I will write a Latin epitaph for the pair of bridegrooms, wherein I'll provoke the patronage of Cupid, Thomas à Becket, Sir Godfrey Kneller, and Helley O'Gablus.

Sir F. Let me have no more of your damned Godfreys and Gabalusses ! Lay the cloth, and surprise us with a good wedding-supper.

Eug. A wedding !—Is it possible ?

Sir F. Yes, boy, possible—ay, and probable, too.—I've surprised you with the girl of your heart, and a good fortune : is not this an Agreeable Surprise ?

FINALE.

Sir F. A kiss, my girl ; your hand, my boy !
 There, now each anxious trouble ends
 Yet be it still my greatest joy
 With blessings to surprise my friends !

CHORUS.

Each jovial heart be pleased this night ;
 What blessing in good humour lies !
 And prospect yields more sweet delight,
 By an Agreeable Surprise.

Lau. In purest robes of radiant light,
 Diana, Ceres, Hymen, come :

Eug. You've bless'd the day, so crown the night,
 Our birthday, wedding, harvest home !
 Each jovial heart, &c.

Mrs. C. Great Rustifusti now no more,
 Nor Russian princess here incog. ;
 But widow Cheshire, as before,
 And for a husband still agog !
 Each jovial heart, &c.

Com. Uncertain yet our poet's fate,—
 'Tis your award must fix his doom:
 Applaud, with joy he'll celebrate
 Our birthday, wedding, harvest home.
 Each jovial heart &c.

Lin. For omne bene he applies ;
He's *Dead Alive* in critic's paw :
Forgive th' *Agreeable Surprise*,
And spare him for his *Son-in-Law*.
Each jovial heart, &c.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE
FALL OF THE CURTAIN.

MRS. C.	CHI.	SIR F.	COM.	LAU.	EUG.	LIN.
R.]						[L.

THE END.

